a strong case in his own favor. First of all,

the proposed marriage out of the defendant's

own sphere of life; the passing unier a false

name; the ridiculous, or apparently ridicu-

lous, accusation made against his kinsman;

the murderous threats; the chastisement of

his own paid agent who brought him a re-

port which might not seem at all untrue to

any one who knew not Madeline Rowan

Leaving out of the q. e t.on what might be

wrung from me in cris-examination, Ralph

Carriston had a stron; case, and I knew

possibly be doomed to pass years, if not his

lous, very anxious.

actor in the mystery.

seemed an utter absurdity.

whole life, under restraint. So I was anx-

And I felt an anxiety, scarcely second to

that which prevailed on Carriston's account,

as to the fate of Madeline. Granting for

sake of argument that Carriston's assuri

conviction that no todily harm had as yet

been done her was true, I felt sure that she,

with her scarcely less sensitive nature, must

feel the separation from her lover as much

as he himself feit the separation from her.

Once or twice I tried to comfort myself

with cynicism-tried to persuade myself

that a young woman could not in our days

be spirited away-that she had gone by her

own free will-that there was a man who

had at the eleventh hour alienated her af-

fections from Carriston. But I could not

bring myself to believe this. So I was

If Madeline had not fled of her own free will, some one must have taken her away.

and if so our agent's report was a coined

one; and, if a comed one, issuel at Raiph's

instance; therefore Ralph must be the prime

But in sober moments such a deduction

Although I have said that Carriston was

doing nothing towards clearing up the

mystery. I wrong him in so saying. After

his own erratic way he was at work. At

such work, too! I really lost all patience

He shut himself up in his room, out of

Marie Land

which he scarcely stirred for three days.

By that time he had completed a large and

beautiful drawing of his imaginary man.

He completed a drawing of his imaginary

This he took to a well-known photographer's,

and ordered several hundred small photo-

graphs of it to be prepared as soon as pos-

given me of his fanciful creation was printed

at the foot of each copy. As soon as the first batch of these precious photographs was

sent home, to my great joy he did what he

should have done days ago: yielded to my

wishes, and put the matter into the hands

I was glad to find that in giving details

of what had happened, he said nothing about

the advisability of keeping a watch on Ralph

Carriston's proceedings. He did indeed offer

an absurdly large reward for the discovery

of the missing girl, and, moreover, gave the

officer in charge of the case a packet of pho-

tographs of his phantom man, telling him in

the gravest manner that he knew the original of that likeness had something to do

with the disappearance of Miss Rowan. The

officer, who thought the portrait was that of

a natural being, took his instructions in

good faith, although he seemed greatly sur-

prised when he heard that Carriston knew

neither the name nor the occupation, in

fact, knew nothing concerning the man who

was to be sought for. However, as Carris-

ton assured him that finding this man would

insure the reward as much as if he found

Madeline, the officer readily promised to

combine the two tasks, little knowing what

waste of time any attempt to perform the

Two days after this Carriston came to me.

"I shall leave you to-morrow," he said.
"Where are you going?" I asked. "Why

"I am going to travel about. I have no

intention of letting Ralph get hold of me.

So I mean to go from place to place until I

"I shall be careful enough. I'll take care

that no doctors, surgeons, or even anothe-

caries get on my track. I shall go just as

the fit seizes me. If I can't say one day

where I shall be the next, it will be im-

This was not a bad argument. In fact, if

he carried out his resolve of passing quickly

from place to place I did not see how he

could plan anything more likely to defeat

the intentions with which we credited his

cousin. As to his finding Madeline by so

His idea seemed to be that chance would

sooner or later bring him in contact with

the man of his dream. However, now that

the search had been intrusted to the proper

persons his own action in the matter was not

worth troubling about. I gave hm many

cautions. He was to be quiet and guarded

in words and manner. He was not to con-

verse with strangers. If he found himself

dogged or watched by anyone he was to

communicate at once with me. But, above

all, I begged him not to yield again to his

mental infirmity. The folly of a man who

could avoid it throwing himself into such a

"Not oftener than I can help," was all the

I had now given up as hopeless the combat

with his peculiar idiosyne a v. So, with

many expressions of gratitude on his part,

During his absence he wrote to me nearly

every day, so that I might know his where-

abouts in case I had any news to communi-

cate. But I had none. The police failed to

find the faintest clew. I had been called

upon by them once or twice in order that

they might have every grain of information

I could give. I took the liberty of advising

them not to waste their time in looking for

the man, as his very existence was prob-

lematical. It was but a fancy of my

friend's, and not worth thinking seriously

about. I am not sure but what, after hear-

ing this, they did not think the whole affair

was an imagined one, and so relaxed their

Once or twice Carriston, happening to be

in the neighborhood of London, came to see

me, and slept the night at my house. He

also had no news to report. Still, he seemed

The weeks went by until Christmas was

over and the New Year begun; but no sign,

word or trace of Madeline Rowan. "I have

seen her," wrote Carriston, "several times.

She is in the same place—unhappy, but not

Evidently his hallucinations were still in

At first I intended that the whole of this

tale should be told by myself; but upon get-

ting so far it struck me that the evidence of

another actor who played an important part

in the drama would give certain occurrences

to the reader at first instead of secondhand,

so I wrote to my friend Dick Fenton, of

Frenchay, Glouce tershire, and Legged him,

f he found himself capally of so doing, to

to put in simple narrative form his impres-

sions of certain events which bappened in

January, 1866; events in which we two were

concerned. He has been good enough to

comply with my request. His communica-

hopeful as ever.

ill-treated."

full force.

state ought to be apparent to him.

must sometimes, or I shall die.

we bade each other farewell.

possible for that villain to know."

doing, that was another matter.

of the police.

latter must be.

do you leave?"

find Madeline.

"Be careful," I urged.

sible. The minute description which he had

placed between the horns of a dilemma.

that, once in his power, my friend might

Victor Hugo. -t to his lips, and lo! waves, the roar of winds that laters of Nature's warring

hurch.

Surgeon

OOL.

dies,

Best

ED.

nted.

TXED

. guadond, upon angry wings. lattire to his lips, and lo! the scape took a rosy glow, 1 Love, and gladness that Love

the music like a child that sings. Arch-Master! We that still and outskirt of the Hill lonely lonely to the height and climbed, forever, out of

- Austin Dobson.

LITERARY NOTES.

PANA WMINELL's have in press the We Women," by Kate Sanborn. Enter thousand copies have been Mrs. Custer's "Boots and Sad-

To Japanese will be able to read the Old Testament in their own lanmany on next New Year's day.

WHEN LORD BYRON was presented with an American edition of "Childe Hardi' he exclaimed: "This now is something like immortality."

Is the series styled "The Canterburt Poets," a volume of selections from the poems of Victor Hugo, translated and edited by Iran Carrington, will appear in October.

"A | Bay" is the title of a new, short story by Mrs. Alexander, author of "The Wooing O't."

Good news for the Shoddyocracy. Jamsen McChirg & Co., Chicago, annamee "The Standard Operas, their Plots, their Music, and their Composers." by George P. Upton. Six thousand letters written by Peter the Great are preserved at St. Pe-

tersburg, and some of them, under the salution of the present ruler of Russia, will soon be published. Mr. Max O'Rell's new book "Les

Chers Voisins"-- The Dear Neighbors, is a humorous study contrasting the French and English characters, bringing into relief, from the writer's point of view, the best sides of both. It is professelly written with a view to dissignte the prejudice that still exists in France on the subject of England, and in England on the subject of France.

A NEW candidate for public favor is announced to make its appearance on the 15th of this month-The Cosmopulliture, a magazine of popular literature. The publishers design "to furnish a rare literary attraction at a much cheap subscription," and expect to acquire a larger circulation than has been reached by any journal ever

PROFESSOR MONTAGUE, of Amherst College, is editing a work that will be privately printed, on the history of the Mentague family in America. An intre-hation contains the history of the Mantague in England from 1066 to 1634 -4

The beginning of the inevitable flood of Grant books is already upon us. Lethrop & Co. have published "Words of our Hero" edited by Jeremiah Chapman. Curiously enough the most sigtuficant words ever uttered by the late General "Let us have peace," find no Idacy in this collection.

With regard to good books, like a dinner, they should be indulged in will mederation, if you wish to assimilate what you devour. Scaliger tells in that François Junius and Theodore Marshe both arrived at the same goal · constance, the first by reading evending and the other by reading

Ma Albrin Dosson has finally corhe tel the proof sheets of his volume Selections from Steele," which is The published shortly by the Claren-Press, Oxford. His new life of State which is about as long as his West Fielding, will not appear before the ben year. The English edition of If the Sign of the Lyre," which will a little from the American common will be published early in the

MR. FRANK B. SANBORN is editing The Lafe and Letters of John Brown," which will be shortly published by Mesis. Boberts Brothers of Boston. In volume will contain among other Important things Brown's own letters and other writings by him written during the twenty-five years before a- wath.

Mrs. Jackson (H. H.) left two unpublished stories which Roberts Broththe will possibly bring out. One of these a tide of about 50,000 words is "Zebh." The other is entitled Elspeth Dyoon," and is longer. A harmonf her short stories will soon millished by the Robertses under the mame of "Between Whiles," also a travel sketches. A new col-Mrs. Jackson's poems is an-

"Sonnets and Lyrics." The eagerly looked for "Life and Latters of Henry Wardsworth Long-- fellow," by his brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow, in two volumes, is now an- by Fowler & Wells, New York.

nounced for early publication this Fall by Messrs. Ticknor & Co. The same an English critic demands. Where firm also announce a volume of "Un- are the American poets? "Why recle Remus's" "Songs and Ballads of plies the Boston Courier, bless your the Old Plantations," and Mr. Edgar | soul, they are everywhere and their Fawcett's "Social Silhouettes," which name is legion. You will find one in

peared in the New York Tribune. las Lapham," has in fact already been geons under the press rooms ready to issued. The others are a vest-pocket be let loose when occasion demands. edition of "The Elevator," a new and None of your "you, you" poets, either, revised edition of poems, a new vol- such as the English make laureates of, of Italian poetry to be entitled "Italian Poets, A Sea Change," a comic opera, in "Little Classic" size, and a richly illiustrated volume on "Tuscan Cities." Surely, here is enough material for the admirers of this popular American

A NOTABLE volume of biographical sketches of American and European celebrities has recently been issued from the press of Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. The book, "Some Noted Princes, Authors, and Statesmen of our Time," has been edited by Mr. James Parton, and among its contributors are James T. Fields, Canon Farrar, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mamie Dickens, Archibald Forbes and E. P. Whipple. The sketches have been published in a Boston periodical, but thousands will be happy to receive them in the handsome and more permanent form in which they are now to be issued. There are over sixty il-

Wordsworth's methods of composition were peculiar, for the reason that he never wrote down his poems as he composed them, but would lie in bedmurmuring, or during a ride or walk would be deep composing verses which he did not write down until days afterward. Shaping his verses was a difficult task to Wordsworth, and often would he spend weeks in properly constructing two or three verses before he was satisfied. His manners were in every way eccentric and strange, or at least they seemed so to those who did not understand them, and it was due to his peculiar habits that the landlord of his home at Alfoxden requested him to move ont thinking him to be 'a criminal in the disguise

THE indefatigable Dr. Grosart has issued a prospectus of a proposed edition of the Catholic poets of England to be published in seven volumes. Two hundred copies demy 8vo, at ten shillings and sixpence a volume and one hundred copies post quarto, at a guinea a volume. The poets whom Dr. Grosart intends to reprint are Richard Crashaw, 3 vols., Robert Southwell, S. J. 1 vol. Henry Constable, S. J. 1 vol., Wm. Habington, 1 vol. and one volume of selections from Catholic poets from Chaucer to Davenant. It will be a revelation to most to find how much of the genuine singing of England belongs to Catholics. How few know that not only Gower and Surrey but Massinger and Shirley professed the "old faith."

Among the several volumes of prose which have come to us from the pen of Mr. George W. Bungay, his entertaining and instructive volume of "Traits of Representative Men" must be considered as his best work. The book is a collection of 35 "pen portraits" of poets, orators, philosphers, statesmen, etc., who have won for themselves station and respect among their fellowmen, or, as the author puts it, "men of good capacity, character and energy who have risen from obscurity to high and responsible trusts, and in the race of life have distanced multitudes who had the advantages of education, wealth and social position." In several of these sketches are encountered those delightful bits of graceful word painting which make Mr. Bungay's writings so particularly attractive to thousands of readers. For example, in the sketch of the Rev. Penry Ward Beecher is encountered the following graceful passage, speaking of the Plymouth pastor's ancestry in comparison with the tall trees of California: "Their roots are anchored on good ground; and their stems rise in symmetry and beauty waving their green banners in the light of the sun, offering an orchestra for the birds and a shelter for the beasts of the forest; and when they fall, the woods tremble with sensation. Spring like a fair mourner, writes their epitaph in the sweet syllable of wild blossoms, and the feathered choir sing their requiem. The offspring of the fallen monarchs rise in their places grand and lofty representatives of a race of giants." Mr. Bungay's pungent sentences are equally good as, for example, "a man is well-dressed when his dress attracts little or no attention," and "the fast man prefers the race-course that improves the race."

The book is in many respects a valua-

ble one, especially for young men who

can, if they will, learn much from the

lives and deeds-narrated. Published

"Where are the American poets!" were so eagerly read when they ap nearly every newspaper office in the United States, with his machine rigged Nor less than six books bearing Mr. up in the corner of his room ready at Howell's name will, within the month a moment's notice to respond to the or six weeks, be issued by Messrs. call for copy, and a great many more Ticknor & Co. One, "The Rise of Si- besides chained in the basement dunume of critical notices of the masters | but real bona fide "yi, yi" poets, all wool and a vard-wide, and closely woven at that. Where are the American poets? You should rather ask,

> The Nine have removed their abode from To our sky-kissing mountains, their health

Where is the American that isn't a

to repair, And we beg to assure English critics, who That they're growing quite fat on American

CARRISTON'S GIFT

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

[TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.]

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER IX.

A day or two after I had witnessed what I must call Carriston's second seizure we were favored with a visit from the man whose services we had secured to trace Madeline. Since he had received his instructions we had heard nothing of his proceedings until be now called to report progress in person. Carriston had not expressed the slightest curiosity as to where the man was or what he was about. Probably he looked upon the employment of this private detective as nothing more useful than a salve to my conscience. That Madeline was only to be found through the power which he professed to hold of seeing her in his visions was, I felt certain, becoming a rooted belief of his Whenever I expressed my surprise that our agent had brought or sent no information Carriston shrugged his shoulders and assured me that from the first he knew the man's researches would be fruitless. However, the fellow had called at last, and, I hoped, had

brought us good news. He was a glib-tongued man, who spoke in a confident, matter-of-fact way. When he saw us he rubbed his hands as one who had brought affairs to a successful issue and now meant to reap praise and other rewards. His whole bearing told me he had made an important discovery; so I begged him to be seated and give us his news. Carriston gave him a careless glance and

at some little distance from us. He looked as if he thought the impending communication scarcely worth the trouble of listening to. He might, indeed, from his looks have been the most disinterested person of the three. He even left me to do the question-

"Now, then, Mr. Sharpe," I said, "let us hear if you have earned your money." "I think so, sir," replied Sharpe, looking curiously at Carriston, who, strange to say, heard this answer with supreme indiffer-"I think I may say I have, sir," continued

the detective, "that is if the gentleman can

identify these articles as being the young lady's property." Thereupon he produced from a thick let ter case a ribbon, in which was stuck a silver pin, mounted with Scotch pebbles, an ornament that I remembered having seen Madeline wear. Mr. Sharpe handed them to Carriston. He examined them, and I saw his cheeks flush and his eyes grow bright.
"How did you come by this?" he cried,

pointing to the silver ornament. "I'll tell you presently, sir. Do you recog-"I gave it to Miss Rowan myself." "Then we are on the right track," I cried. joyfully. "Go on, Mr. Sharpe."

'Yes, gentlemen, we are certainly on the right track; but, after all, it isn't my fault if the track don't lead exactly where you wish. You see, when I heard of this mysterious disappearance of the lady I began to concoct my own theory. I said to myself, when a young and beautiful-"Confound your theories!" cried Carriston.

flercely. "Go on with your tale." The man gave his interrupter a spiteful "Well, sir," he said, "as you gave me strict instructions to watch a certain gentleman closely. I obeyed those instructions, of course, although I knew I was on a fool's

"Will you go on?" cried Carriston. "H you know where Miss Rowan is, say so: your money will be paid you the moment I find her."

"I don't say I knew exactly where to find the lady, but I can soon know if you wish "Tell your tale your own way, but as shortly as possible," I said, seeing that my

excitable friend was preparing for another "I found there was nothing to be gained by keeping watch on the gentleman you tried back from there. As soon as I worked on my own lay I found out all about it. The lady went from Callendar to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to London, from

London to Folkes.one, and from Folkestone to Boulong." I glanced at Carriston. All his calmness seemed to have returned. He was leaning against the mantelpiece, and appeared quite unmoved by Mr. Sharpe's clear statement as to the route Ma leline had taken.

"Of course," continued Mr. Sharpe, "I was not quite certain I was tracking the right person, although her description corresponded with the likeness you gave me. But as you are sure this article of jewelry beonged to the lady you want, the matter is evond a doubt." "Of course," I said, seeing that Carriston had no intention of speaking. "Where did

'It was left behind in a bedroom of one of the principal hotels in Folkestone. I did go over to Boulong, but after that I thought had learned all you would care to know." There was something in the man's manner which made me dread what was coming. Again I looked at Carriston. His lips were curved with contempt, but he still kept

"Why not have pursued your inquiries past Boulong P I asked. "For this reason, sir. I had learned enough. The theory I had concocted was the right one, after all. The lady went to Edinburgh afone, right enough; but she didn't leave Edinburgh alone; nor she didn't leave London alone; nor she d.dn't stay at Folkestone-where I found the pin-alone; nor she didn't go to Boulong alone. She was accompanied by a young gentleman who called himself Mr. Smith; and, what's more, she called herself Mrs. Smith. Perhaps she

was, as they lived like man and wife." "Wh ther the fellow was right or mistaken, this explanation of Madeline's disappearance seemed to give me what I can only compare to a smack in the face. I stared at the speaker in speechless astonishment. If

the tale he told so glibly and circumstantially was true, farewell, so far as I was concerned, to belief in the love or purity of women. Madeline Rowan, that creature of a poet's dream, on the eve of her marriage with Charles Carriston, to fly, whether wed or unwed mattered little, with another man! And yet she was but a woman. Carristonor Carr, as she only knew him-was in her eyes poor. The companion of her flight might have won her with gold. Such things

have been. Still-My rapid and wrongful meditations were cut short in an unexpected way. Suddenly I saw Mr. Sharpe dragged bodily out of his chair and flun; against the wall, while Carriston, standing over him, thrashed the man vigorously with his own ash stick-a con-



man vigorously.

enient weapon, so convenient that I felt Mr. Sharpe could not have selected a stick more appropriate for his own chastisement, So Carriston seemed to think, for he laid on cheerfully some eight or ten good cutting strokes.

Nevertheless, being a respectable doctor and man of peace, I was compelled to interfere. I held Carriston's arm, while Mr. Sharpe struggled to his feet, and after collecting his nat and his pocketbook stood glaring vengefully at his assailant, and rubbing the while such of the weals on his back as he could reach. Annoved as I felt at the unprofessional fracas, I could scarcely help laughing at the man's appearance. I doubt the possibility of any one looking heroic after such a thrashing.

"I'll have the law for this," he growled. I a:n't paid to be beaten by a madman." 'You're paid to do my work, not another's," said Carriston. "Go to the man who has overbribed you and sent you to tell me your lies. Go to him; tell him that once more he has failed. Out of my sight!" As Carriston showed signs of recommencing hostile operations, the man fled as far as

the doorway: There, being in comparative safety, he turned with a malignant look. "You'll smart for this," he said; "when they lock you up as a raving lunatic, I'll try and get a post as keeper." I was glad to see that Carriston paid no ttention to this parting shaft. He turned

his back scornfully, and the fellow left the room and the house. "Now are you convinced?" asked Carrison, turning to me. "Convinced of what? That his tale is un-

true, or that he has been mislead. I am quite

"Tush! That is not worth consideration. Don't you see that Ralph has done all this I set that man to watch uim; he found out the espionage; suborne i my agent-or your agent, I should say; sent him here with a trumped up tale. Oh, yes; I was to believe that Madeline had deserted me-that was to drive me out of my senses. My cousin is a fool, after all!"

"Without further proof I cannot believe that your suspicions are correct," I said, but I must own I spoke with some hesitation. "Proof! A clever man like you ought see ample proof in the fact of that wretch having twice called me a madman. I have seen him but once before-you know if I then gave him any grounds for making such an assertion. Tell me, from whom could he have learned the word except from Ralph

Carriston ? I was bound, if only to save my own reputation for sagacity, to confess that the point noted by Carriston had raised certa n doubts in my mind. But if Ralph Carriston really was trying by some finely wrought scheme to bring about what he desired, there was all the more reason for great caution to be

exercised. "I am sorry you beat the fellow," I said. "He will now swear right and left that you are not in your senses. "Of course he will. What do I care?"

"Only remember this. It is easier to get put in an asylum than to get out of it." "It is not so very easy for a sane man like myself to be put in, especially when he is on his guard. I have looked up the law. There must be a certificate signed by two doctors. surgeons, or, I believe, apothecaries will do. who have seen the supposed lunatic alone and together. I'll take very good care I speak to no doctor save yourself, and keep out of the way of surgeons and apothe-

It quite cheered me to hear him speaking so sensibly and collectedly about himself but I again impressed upon him the need of great caution. Although I could not believe that his cousin had taken Madeline away, I was, after the affair with the spy, inclined to think that, as Carriston averred, he aimed at getting him, sane or insane, into

a madhouse. But after all these dayse we were not step nearer to the discovery of Madeline's whereabouts. Carriston made no sign of doing anything to facilitate that discovery. Again I urged him to intrust the whole af fair to the police. Again he refused to de Ready for what, I wondered!

CHAPTER X. I must confess, in spite of my affection for Carriston, I felt inclined to rebel against the course which matters were taking. 1 was a prosaic matter-of-fact medical man: promise I could get from him. "But see her doing my work to the best of my ability, and anxious when that work was done that my hours of leisure should be as free from worry and care as possible. With Carriston's advent several disturbing elements entered into my quiet life.

Let Ralph Carriston be guilty or innocent of the extraordinary crime which his cousin laid at his door, I felt certain that he was anxious to obtain possession of the supposed lunatic's person. It would suit his purposes for his cousin to be proved mad. I did not believe that even if the capture was legally effected Carriston's liberation would be a matter of great difficulty, so long as he remained in his present state of mind; so long as 1, a doctor of some standing, could go into the witness box and swear to his sanity But my old dread was always with

me—the dread that any further shock would overturn the balance of his sensitive mind. So it was that every hour that Carriston was out of my sight was fraught with anxiety. If Ralph Carriston was really as unscrupulous as my friend supposed; if he had really, as seemed almost probable, suborned our agent; he might by some crafty trick obtain the needful certificate, and some day I should come home and find Carriston had been removed. In such a case I foresaw great trouble and distress

Besides, after all that had occurred, it was as much as I could do to believe that Carriston was not mad. Any doctor who knew what I knew would have given the verdict against him. After dismissing his visions and hallucin-

ations with the contempt which they deserved, the fact of a man who was madly, passionately in love with a woman, and who believed that she had been entrapped and was still kept in restraint, sitting down quietly, and letting day after day pass without making an effort towards finding her, was in itself prima facie evidence of insanity. A sane man would at once have set all the engines of detection at work.

I telt that if once Ralph Carriston obtained possession of him he could make out WHAT RECOMPENSE!

[Boston Transcript.] He might have sung a song the world should

Whose ciarion notes had rung so loud and That men had li-tened and been made The most and care of every day;

Stronger to bear the heavy burdens laid By life on totlers in the nward way;

But fate said nay She might have had the right to say, "My The joy of being love! she might have Had wrapped ar und ber as a shield rom every tin int. pas met dart

The mantle of a love that would not To any foe, but die to save ber heart; But fats said nay

Of envy, hatred or mad lous art,

The future w rll alone can tell

She wept her vanis el hopes, yet sweeter The path o' self-lenial that leads up to God. He did he work in the -mall sphere That Go I had given him and labored well

What recommense should come to those Bow me kly, and work on, nor curse the That sounds fate's nay

THE PARIS ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The French Capital to Have an Artificial Sun-The Project. Paris Letter-

Paris is to have a new and artificial sun; rat least such is the proposition. It is not, like Col. Jugrahm's brick moon to revolve for the benefit of mankind in general, but its glory is to be monopolized by the giddy and brilliant city. One M. Bourdais has worked out all the details of the scheme, and has laid before the Society of Civil Engineers his plans for approval and for

The project reduced to its lowest terms, is to place upon a column 310 metres in height (a little less than I (00) eet) an electric light of unprecedented magnitude. The particulars of the con truction of this modern tower of Babel have been very minutely worked out and the plans show at least great ingenuity. . The structure would be cylindrical, the architect having after careful study concluded t is form to be most stable. It would consist of a base 216 feet in height, in which would be established a permanent museum of electricity. Above this would rise a six-tory column surmounted by a roof forming a promenade, and capable of accomodating 2,000 persons. The central granite core, sixty feet in diameter, would be surrounded with an ornamental framework of iron faced with copper. ries, each containing sixteen rooms sixteen feet in height and fifty feet square, designed for aerotherapic treatments. Patients could come here to find a purity of air that is usually met with only on mountains. The central core would be hollow, so as to permit of all sorts of scientific experiments be

This combination of museums, scientific stations, healt resort, and so on, would alone be enough to entitle M. Bourdais' column to rank as the chief wonder of the world, but all this is subordinate to the great sun which should blaze on high, and foot with a radiance only less absolute than laylight, the whole city. The enormous electric lamp, of which the mechanism has been carefully and scientifically studied by one of the most prominent firms of electricians in Paris, will have an intensity equal to that of 2,000,000 Carcel burners; and if that does not illuminate the city the Society of Engineers think the problem of ighting may as well be given up.

@ course there is a statue in the plan, the figure in this case to represent the Genius to make the entire structure 1,180 feet high. What will be the result of so tremendous localization of electricity has not, so far as we are able to learn, been studied out It would be unfortunate if the grand tower after it was completed became a storm center of such magnitude that the climate of Paris should become worse than that of London and the beams of the artificial sun should be perretually obscured by black and lightning vomiting clouds.

Concerning Calico.

[Lowell (Mass.) Courter.] There is no sentiment-at least there is no patriotic sentiment-in fashion or in trade. If prints have gone out of fashion print cloth mills must go out of fashion too. And the manufacturer who wants to keep afloat must do as the politician often does-change his principles as fast as the public does. But there is a deeper and more recondite cause for even the calico depression than a change of fashion. Every branch of business in every quarter of the globe is suffering from a similar disease. It comes and goes as mysteriously as rheumatism. Bye and by it will disappear, and we shall wonder where it has gone to, as we now wonder where it comes

There is besides a very practical reason why more calico is not worn-the women say it does not pay to buy it. The quality is not what it was years ago. A pound of cotton is spread over more yards of cloth, making it thinner and less durable. Much of the calico in the market is not worth making up, and hence is neglected. If there was a general agreement among manufacturers to produce a better grade of goods, there is no doubt that print dresses would replace many of other materials.

The Artist's Model of Romance. News Letter.

The model, as Theopile Gautier described her in one his "salons," exists no longer, whether male or female. "Here and there." he says "may be seen some strange individual, complacently stroking his magnificent beard, like that of the 'Moses' of Michael Angelo. Admire me, he seems to say, I am Jupiter, the Doge of Venice, Peter the Hermi, and anything else in the way of dignity. And then the women of the Hebrew and Asiatic type, whose bust disdains the artifice of stays, and who stop with evident delight before their own counterfeits. proud of having contribute! to the realization of the painter' ideal." And let it not be thought that some of these men and women claim al a hare of the execution on the principle of the villager who blew the bellows of the organ. Paul Baudry, the eminent painter of the frescoes of the Grand Opera house, once told me the story of a certain Berthe Martinet, who sat for him many year, and who invariably pointed out not only the shortcomings of the preliminary sketch, but suggested additions, "which," said the artist, "nearly always turned out correct." Peculiar Customs.

[Foreign Letter.] Among the many peculiar customs in

Corea is that of preserving yellow serpents immersed in wine-jars for several years and using the "preserve" as a cure for invalids. after all the bones and fle h of the serpente have been dissolved in the wine. Another custom is that when a case of small-pox occurs whe people in the neighborhood are prohibited from bute ering animals. Peck's Sun: Justice is the soapsuds with

which we wash the flannel shirt of wrong. Andromeda and Henrico Sing. [Yonkers Gazette.]

"Why, I could launch me soul upon this breeze and to its fragrant bounty yield such song as would the very angels wake to ec-

"And in the doing o' it, guileless thing, thouds't threat' with ill thy tender bronchia, or make such chasm with thy liberal mouth as would invite the June bug's entrance there. Give o'er, give o'er, and put thy yearn to seed till these our neighbors you have sleepy grown, and then we'll treat them to a dual howl that will invite the bootjacks hithering."

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